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# The Child and Other Verses

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Mary Louisa Anderson



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# The Child and Other Verses

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Mary Louisa Anderson

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To

W. W. A.



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## THE CHILD

UP where mountain peaks are high,  
And purple skies are low;  
Where whitest noons and whiter stars  
Look down on glistening snow,

At midnight of a Christmas Eve—  
A bitter night and wild—  
Alone, along the wintry way,  
There walked a little Child.

He was as tender and as fair  
As any drifting bloom  
Of inextinguishable Spring  
Against the frost of doom.

And this was just the wondrous thing:  
He moved through cold and storm,  
The yawning dark, the fearful height  
Safely and blithe and warm.

## THE CHILD

The savage wind enfolded Him  
In tenderness complete;  
The snow enrolled in softened depths  
Of ermine to His feet.

One little touch of His deterred  
The crumbling hills of stone.  
He trod the stairs of riven ice,  
Like steps before the throne.

And when He came at last where men  
In safety slept and fed,  
He summoned them and they arose  
And followed where He led.

They followed through the fearful night,  
Nor questioned nor demurred,  
Foregoing each his fireside  
At that unspoken Word.

And though the darkness did not pale,  
The tempest did not cease,  
They found that where they followed Him,  
There was a way of peace.



T H E C H I L D

The shepherds and the men of toil  
Who knew the region wild,  
Saw they had been but aliens till  
They journeyed with the Child.

. . . . .

And when the morning dawned they told  
The vision of the night—  
About a Boy whose voice was love,  
Whose face was hid in light;

Of how they followed Him with joy  
Unspeakable, and how,  
Of all that followed, there was “none  
Durst ask Him, ‘Who art Thou?’”

THESE THINGS COME TO ME IN MY  
MOTHER'S FACE

THESE things come to me in my Mother's  
face:

A wind flower blooming in a shaded place,  
The sudden star that breaks a stormy night,  
And in her eyes a brown bird, quick with  
flight.

Then, as I look, I hear a wood wren sing  
(Warm, unafraid, defenceless little thing!)  
A note so white, so wonderful, so far,  
I almost lose the brown bird in the star.

## “MONTGOMERY FELL”

(A tablet on the hillside of Près de Ville, Quebec, marks the spot where General Montgomery was killed in his effort to take the garrison above early on the morning of December 31, 1775.)

CLOSE to the city, but so far away!  
(The Past is 'round the corner from  
To-day.)

Between the narrow roadway and the sky  
The hill is high,  
The rock is bold and steep,  
And strong to keep  
The memory of that footstep and that name,  
On its grey side the record of his fame.  
Little it says, and well—  
“Montgomery fell.”  
However wide the glory,  
However full the life to fill the story,  
However long the grief,  
Death's word is brief.  
Came he so near to conquest?

“M O N T G O M E R Y F E L L”

Ah, so near  
The name is here!  
And yet between the fortress and his dream,  
the letters tell,  
“Montgomery fell.”  
The Dream? Had he a dream on his last  
night?  
Look upward toward the height,  
Look long, and there discern  
An old fort rise whereon strange letters burn,  
Letters not touched by time or blood:  
“Within these walls Montgomery stood.”

## PRESCIENCE

THE hedge is standing sunk in night  
Across the lawn,  
Save (where I know its flowers are white)  
Is hovering a little light,  
Like dawn.

The trees look graven in the air,  
So still they are,  
In high relief, distinct and fair,  
With, deep embedded here and there,  
A star.

This shadowy garden where I move  
Is not my own.  
Its dim delight, its trees above,  
Its fragrance, are in fee to Love  
Unknown.

The rapture that it does enfold  
I wait to claim;  
A face the darkness would withhold  
And to my ear, as yet untold—  
A name.

## WINDS IN THE MARSHES

**I**N silver eddies move the winds  
Along the waving grass—  
So beautiful and yet unseen,  
Unfollowed, do they pass!  
They stroke the shining meadow there,  
And break it up like glass.

Between the marshes, golden green,  
How blue the water lies,  
Upon the sunning breast of earth  
A pattern of the skies;  
And both are stirred by summer wind  
To mood and mysteries.

And now the Breath of Beauty, white,  
Brushes the willows' sheen.  
Then back again across the blue  
And back across the green.  
So walks the Wonder up and down,  
Still lovely, and unseen.

## THE RETURN

THE little trees turn first with the  
branches that are broken,  
The huckleberry bushes and the hardy  
meadow ferns.  
This is the fringe of loveliness, that ere the  
word be spoken  
Which fires the heart of forests, already lights  
and burns.

Pale aster-purple fields are edged with tawny  
grasses,  
And flecks of down are clinging upon the yellow  
broom.  
A breath of springtime subtlety returns as  
summer passes,  
The tender, faint penumbra around the winter's  
gloom.

## THE RETURN

'Tis the twilight of the year—its pale and  
lambent gloaming,  
When life recedes in beauty from the surface  
of the land,  
And when the princely Wanderer comes, eager  
from his roaming,  
Lifts the latch and lights the fire and stooping,  
takes command.

(Now the little trees have turned, and the  
branches that are broken,  
The huckleberry thickets and the hardy  
meadow fern!  
So be still, my heart, and listen for the hush  
that is thy token  
And be thy grey hearth garnished for the fire  
that shall burn!)



## SORROW

“**L**OVE met me in the village  
And saw me not,” he said.  
“The look I craved just brushed my eyes  
And found the lad’s instead.”

“Death passed me in the battle—  
So close—so close,” he said.  
“I heard the ball go singing by  
And take the lad instead.”

“But there was One o’erlooked me not  
Who passed unnamed,” he said.  
“More than the others had withheld,  
This One left me instead.”

## NIGHT IN THE PARK

OVER the city park  
Steals the absorbing dark.  
The night has found the trees  
And rests at last in these.  
Incomparable night they make of him—  
Erebus Emerald—with outline dim,  
And heart as deep as his own sleep.  
And there, ah, there—  
How delicate and fair!  
What is it lends the lawn  
And its fastidious flowers,  
That fairy dawn,  
Fit for young love, like ours?  
It is the big white light beyond the fir,  
Spiritual as a star,  
But not so far, aye, not so far!  
In this like her  
Whose eyes upon me shine,  
Near as the night, and as the stars, divine.

## THE GOLDEN ROSE

SING the song of a golden rose!  
Sing the golden heart of a song!  
Sing the heart of a song that glows  
In fragrance and gold the glad day long—  
In beauty, the night and the deep day long!

Heart of a yellow rose, heart of the noon,  
Why does the mocking-bird sing to the day?  
Why does he dream in his song of the moon  
While you are shedding the sunlight away—  
Shedding the moonlight and sunlight away?

You who are loved of the sun and the moon,  
Gorgeous by day and beglamoured by night,  
Tender with shade to the passionate noon,  
To the passionate darkness as tender with  
light—  
Tender with shadow and tender with light!

Sing the song of a golden rose!  
Sing the golden heart of a song!  
Sing the song of a heart that glows  
In fragrance and gold the glad day long—  
In beauty, the day and the deep night long!

## A VERMONT PINE

IN hot September's midday track  
Come to the edge of the wood,  
Where the victorious day falls back,  
By one surmounting pine withstood.

Still saturate with midnight through,  
Moonlit and turbulent,  
It waves against the autumn blue  
Its rapturous signals of content.

And every tender creature heeds  
The protest of those arms,  
Against its widened hour of need,  
Against the day's distinct alarms.

From haggard field and heat above,  
The fugitives of light  
Find here the brooding heart of love,  
And know again the balm of night.

It is the refuge of spent heart,  
Of furtive feathered thing;  
The twilight moth's ecstatic art  
Trailing soft, a quivering wing.

Spices of earth more faint than flowers,  
Sweeten the grey-green air;  
Here rest is keeping timeless hours,  
And here is silence, thick with prayer.

Here fettered hope, imprisoned dream,  
Stretch to their long release.  
All sweet and faded memories seem  
Fixed in the substance of its peace.

While all day long the branches there,  
High in the vaulted tree,  
Rock in the shadowy tides of air—  
Fresh tides of an eternal sea.

And till its latest wave has swept  
Beneath this sovereign pine,  
A covenant of shade is kept  
That here the sun may never shine.

## RECESSIONAL

THROUGH autumn's bravery I hear  
A plaint as soft as falling leaf,  
Sweet as the hunter's song, and clear,  
And mournful as the pine tree's grief.

So does the heart of summer break?  
Ah me—ah me! In vain the blood  
Of roses, shed for her dear sake?  
In vain the song ghosts of the wood?

Listen again! The sunlight falls  
On ragged field and purple hill.  
Southward a lone bird, wheeling, calls,  
And then the world is still.

## THE TENDER ISLES

LIKE molten silver is the sea,  
Bright, and stirring heavily.

The shadow islands on it lie.  
(Islands of cloud are in the sky.)

And white, between, the winter sun  
Is cold as loveless duty done.

Only the islands soft and grey  
Are tender on the glittering day.

Memories of one heart for me  
Are like the shadows on the sea.

## RESURGAM

A ROBIN singing in the rain,  
And through the mist a rose-tree  
burning;  
Through years long past, forgotten, vain,  
One radiance again returning!

Love, is this all? Is there no more?  
I dreamed last night you came to me,  
Saying, "Upon this hidden shore  
Are all the things that used to be.

"Old springs blow faintly o'er the snow,  
And here old summers bloom and sigh.  
Octobers that we used to know,  
Kindle the world, and flame and die.

"Through our grey woods the snows still sift  
To settle on the fallen leaves.  
Cold winds, that drew us nearer, lift  
The same vines clinging to the eaves.'

Then I may come and claim them all,  
You waiting in the dusk again!  
Else why the robin's ringing call,  
The roses burning in the rain?



## WINTER TWILIGHT

NOW the white day turns deep and grey,  
The snow, in hyacinth, slopes away.  
Upon it fine, in deft design  
Is limnèd soft each tree and vine,  
While sudden, rare, and super-fair,  
A lovely shadow fills the air.  
Obediently the earth and I  
Are drawn together with the sky,  
And so I see a mystery  
Where neither day nor night can be.

## INTIMATIONS

THESE are some of the things I love:  
Height!

And long black shadows on the grass at night,  
Leaning away  
From the fair ray  
That would deliver them to light.  
Silence—silence in the wake of sound—  
And the drear pound  
Of the remorseless wave on the relentless  
shore.

These things—and more—and more  
Of the mute call and shadow-hand,  
That throng the strand  
Between the fabric of our land  
And that sea  
Man names “Eternity.”

## SEA SONG

O H, little white sails on the dark sea rim,  
The blue sea rim so clean and fine,  
And fringing waves that leap and swim,  
That weave and gather and dance and  
shine!

There is nothing over the water to-day  
But the little boats with their glistening  
wings.  
Even the distance is wiped away,  
And I gasp with the nearness and touch of  
things.

Even the distance is wiped away  
Over the floor of the wide dark sea,  
Empty it is, for the empty day,  
And the eager, questing soul of me.

But none too wide were it all, nor fair,  
And the farthest way were none too long;  
For the last and best my soul would dare,  
And my heart with the strength of the sea  
is strong.

## THE MOMENT

**H**OW strange the sunshine of the afternoon  
That turns one side of every green  
thing gold,  
Leaving the other murmuring in shade,  
Flinging the shadows long upon the grass!  
The air is clear, and the clear wind is strong,  
Strong, for the rapture of the bending trees—  
Slim poplars, white and young, and soft  
In tumult of the gently crowding leaves.  
The river, purple-etched by passing winds,  
While the long hills lie black against the west.  
Now all is ready, keen and fresh and void.  
The eye is wide; the heart is beating high,  
For all is ready. Wherefore? Who may say?  
Even now while yet we ask it is too late,  
Since what was coming has already passed!

## A ROSE

**T**O-DAY my heart is heavy with delight  
As this great rose with heaviness of  
June—

The rose that has been steeped in summer  
night,

In dew and darkness and the misted moon.

I have been folded deep in dreams of thee—

Only the rose may know thy words to me.

## SPRING

STILL white with snow, the sloping shore  
Lay lovely in the damp March day.  
Still white, save at the water's edge  
A broadening band of grey.

The slant green lights were in the waves,  
A dusk of gold hung o'er the sea.  
No sun? I saw a seabird's wing  
Flashing mysteriously.

Though nought whereof to be so glad  
My life could show me anywhere,  
A joy beyond my dreaming pressed  
Close in the misty air.

And oh, and oh to make it mine!  
Out into the mist I cry.  
The golden air, the melting shore,  
The flashing wings, reply.

## THE NAME

BETWEEN the tongues that praise and  
those that blame  
There walks Myself, unhearing and the same.  
Called many things by men, it has unknown  
a Name.

The way is either dark or wildly lit,  
Myself is blind, and nothing knows of it.  
Somewhere, upon a Stone, the Name is writ.

I know no more the Name than friend or foe,  
Nor how Myself, both deaf and blind, can go,  
But He who gave the name, and called Myself,  
doth know.

## LIBERATION

O H, gulls upon the gale,  
Oh whitecaps on the sea,  
Oh, distant, shining sail,  
Ye are all akin to me!

For my spirit follows, too,  
O'er the water green and grey  
'Neath the sky of white and blue,  
On this wild October day.

I would follow on and find—  
Taste the secret of the free;  
Of the wings that lance the wind,  
Of the winds that lift the sea.

If I trusted to the ocean  
Should I feel such fair release?  
On the breast of its commotion  
Should I know such wingéd peace?



## LIBERATION

Oh, gulls upon the gale,  
Oh, whitecaps on the sea,  
Oh, white and shining sail,  
Ye are all akin to me.

And my spirit follows, too,  
On the water green and grey,  
Where the sky is white and blue  
On this far October day!

## ATONEMENT

WHAT is so cool as a fresh springing  
violet?

And yet its life is part  
Of fire, hidden at creation's heart.

Who has not warmed his soul before a flam-  
ing rose,  
Although its crimson leaf  
Be cooler than the summer rain against his  
grief?

So do there lie upon the lap of mystery  
Silent, in fold on fold,  
'Gainst tropic noons, the snows of time, per-  
fect and cold.

## AN ENGLISH ROSE

THERE is a dream that comes to me  
About a small white rose,  
That turns its shining petals out  
As soon as summer blows.

Within an old-time garden grown  
Between the crumbling wall  
And unkempt hedges, dark and high,  
Where heavy shadows fall.

The sunlight pierces gaily there,  
The bees and crickets sing,  
And little leaves drift idly by,  
Like flowers upon the wing.

Sometimes I dream the daylight leaves  
My garden to the night.  
Then is the darkness lovelier  
Than all the world in light.

A N   E N G L I S H   R O S E

The night has made the shadows one,  
                                But where the hedges are  
I think I see the white rose shine  
                                Soft as a misted star.

I dream—but oh, how distant now  
                                The little rose does seem,  
When you, white flower of my life,  
                                Bloom out upon my dream!

## IN MEMORIAM

THERE is one dead of whom I always  
think

When the red light is in the evening sky,  
And the dim hills in peace against it lie—  
One dear and dead, of whom I always think.

It still is he, when the red light is gone  
And the cold mists from out the valley rise,  
Blending the pale hills and the faded skies—  
It still is he my heart is dwelling on.

Dwells, and refuses to be comforted,  
For what avail the things that people say,  
The claim and clamour of recurring day?  
The quiet evening knows that he is dead!

But when the dusk has deepened into night  
Wherein there throbs one white, intrepid star,  
I think the things that were touch those  
that are,  
And in that moment comes the Gift of Sight.

## THE SON

*“Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s  
business?”*

A FIGURE sweet and luminous  
Across the night He came,  
All gentle in His loneliness  
But buoyant as a flame.

Like one who feeling men’s despair  
Yet knew their coming power,  
As to the darkened world He brought  
Its great predestined hour.

’Twas pity on His radiant face  
That lay, a lovely shade.  
(This was the dearest gift, I think,  
Which earth to heaven made.)

Where children laughed, and women prayed,  
And men in courage trod,  
He moved intent, participant,  
This little Son of God.

And at the loom of life He wrought,  
The pattern and the plan—  
The pain, the labour, and the joy—  
He was the Son of Man.

So what He saw, with hungry love,  
Upon the crowded earth,  
Were souls in travail glorious  
With the divinest birth.

And what they saw was just a Lad  
Who moved about the land,  
With those all-understanding eyes  
They could not understand.

But what the Father saw—the heart  
Falls blind before the thought!  
Had not the Father known His Son  
Before the world was wrought?

## REVEILLE

OLD he was, as last I knew.  
I see the slightly stooping head,  
The tremulous step, but trained and true—  
He had the soldier's tread.

I see him put his shoulders back  
Against the years that bore him on,  
And take the sloping, westward track  
Like one who faced the sun.

His romance was a yellowed flower.  
History had made his wars her own.  
And just ahead was that pale hour  
Which each must pass alone.

So wistful was his gaze, and dim,  
Toward the yet unfinished years,  
I wanted to turn back with him  
And save my heart the tears.



## REVEILLE

. . . . .

Last night I saw him as I slept.

How young he was, and gladly fair!  
All that my heart for him had wept  
And he had lost, was there!

And so my song is sung to-day

Because of this one gleam of truth:  
When my old Soldier went away  
He found again his youth.

## THE PERFECT THING

TO-DAY I know there is no perfect thing  
Except the love that comes to us in  
dreams

Of our dear dead, when once again  
We have them in our arms, and know—and  
know

That all the anguish has been false and vain.  
In that calm flood of ease and perfect joy,  
That meeting without haste or fear, aware  
Of its infinity—Oh, sweet and safe!

'Twas such a dream I had. The thing he  
said

To me I cannot hear, but I can see it  
In the memory of his face. It has nor name  
Nor sound, but only light. The same that  
burns

Warm, through the whiteness of the common  
day,

Transfusing all—and yet a different thing  
From any but the beauty of my dream.

## THE CHIMES

'T WAS but a second since they passed—  
Those traceless flights of broken song,  
So strange and fast  
So sweet and strong;  
Not always glad nor always mild;  
Not always sad nor always wild;  
Now far and clear;  
Now soft and near;  
Now gone! and so completely gone  
That they would seem  
To be a dream  
Were they not ringing on and on  
Within my soul,  
As now they roll  
Along through evening's azure space  
To their last limpid resting-place  
Upon that glorious golden day  
Where they may moor their song—and stay.

## A ROSE

COOL is my red rose, as the dawn is cool.  
Against my cheek, its touch is delicate  
As the first Spring's first touch, initiate.  
And it is deep with colour as a pool—  
Clear, deep, and undivined as Truth.  
Joy-tipt it is—the sweet hurt at its heart  
Of bitter golden honey is to part,  
For it is passing ere it find its youth.  
Its crimson petals are like little wings,  
Shaken with sunshine and attuned to flight,  
But clinging to the shadowy soul of things,  
And captive to its mystery of night.  
A sweetness, of sweet things being born, is in  
its breath—  
The freshness floating in with Life, and over  
Death.

## ON THE SHORE

I N the dense wide grey of the twilight at sea,  
In the deepening arch of blue,  
In each new-born light, trembling and white,  
Love of my dreams, is it you?

Close! For my heart is lonely and cold,  
Soft! For my heart is sore  
With wending of ways and coming of days,  
The sunshine and the shore.

Here is the tread of the twilight at sea,  
The cry of the sea to the land,  
The depths above—but love, ah love,  
Never the touch of your hand!

Shall we never meet but as dream meets  
dream,  
Perhaps as life meets birth,  
Or time meets years, or grief meets tears,  
But not as we meet on earth?

## A DREAM

LAST night beneath the stars I dreamed  
of thee.

Down shimmering ways, through shadow  
worlds I went,

To find at last thine arms awaiting me,

Just as the breathless span of night was spent.

## THE THOUGHT

I THINK no great thing is, but that must  
show  
Some sign of measure of its magnitude—  
Some hint of that which were, if it were not.  
The night is interrupted by the stars  
And the smooth sea is broken by the waves,  
The evening and the silent mountain view  
Have cow-bells, or the ax within the woods  
To sound the depth of stillness and of peace.  
And the vast height of sky shows here  
A tilting bird, or there a lonely tree  
Upon the hill, pointing the scale of its  
White altitude. So this, my joy  
In you, perchance could never know itself  
For all it is, without the thought of hours  
Ere you were here, or the chill dread—  
No, give it not a name, for you are come,  
And it could never be as once it was!

## DRIFTING

I N the mist that is over the water  
    (The mist that is under the sky)  
Are ships that move,  
Dim stars above  
And we that love—  
You and I.

Oh, the wind that blows over the water  
    (The wind that blows down from the sky)  
Is soft as the wings  
Of invisible things,  
Or the hope that it brings,  
Or the sigh!

I see no marge to the water,  
I see no line to the sky.  
Only I hear  
Your heart beat, Dear,  
Nor care—nor fear—  
To die.



## A HARVEST FIELD

(AFTER MILLET)

THE opulence of sunlight,  
The privilege of shade,  
The relish of the resting  
From the swinging of the blade—  
It is the golden harvest  
With trees about the rim;  
The smitten straw's sweet savour  
Where little insects swim;  
A yellow dusty dimness  
Around the reaper's way,  
Who reaps a year of glory  
Within a single day.

## LOST

THERE was a time cut out from Time  
And given over to thee,  
Fashioned of things too sweet and strange,  
Too beautiful to be.

I cannot tell how long it was.  
I only know 'tis past.  
It covers all my memory,  
And yet it went so fast.

And thou—in vain I look for thee  
Among the things that are.  
I cannot find thy place or time,  
Thy moment or thy star!

Hadst thou no other dwelling, then,  
Save that I gave to thee—  
That time of things too wonderful,  
Too beautiful to be?

## THE SONG

“SING!” said Love, and piped a lay  
Under the tree, a Summer day.  
But Life his gay demand denied.  
“Joy is too sweet for song,” she sighed.

“Sing!” said Love, at a feast, “for see,  
I drain the cup of gods to thee!”  
But Life her lifted goblet quaffed.  
“Pride is too great for song,” she laughed.

“Sing!” said Love, “the night grows long  
While I grow weary for thy song,  
And if thou wilt not sing for me,  
I needs must ask of Memory.”

## THE SONG

'Twas then a wondrous song there came,  
Cleaving the silence like a flame,  
Filling the wide and empty night  
With pain and longing and delight.

The shivering stars grew still, to place  
The singer of that song of grace.  
But only Love's deep eyes could see  
If it were Life—or Memory.

## WINDS

**T**HE wind that blows against the sea—  
Cruel it is and great and strong.  
It moves in fate and mystery,  
Heaping in serried lines the sea,  
(Grey trenches of grim tragedy),  
So many and so long!

The winds that blow among the grass—  
Dear little winds, how well I mind  
When I was but a tiny lass,  
With head no higher than the grass,  
How sweet it was to feel them pass,  
How soft they were, and kind!

## THE CALL

IS it of flame or flower that you are,  
O Love of mine?  
Your luminous soul, white as a winter star,  
And your red lips, like wine.

Of the strong earth you are so sure a part,  
And yet there lies  
A dream of radiant distance round your heart,  
And in your shaded eyes.

So on the brink of an infinity  
I see you stand,  
Called by the pale lips of a misty sea,  
Held by the throbbing land.

And I am waiting—whither lies your way,  
Dear Mystery?  
Out where the young night meets the passing  
day?  
Or through the fields—with me!

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF BLISS CAR-  
MAN'S SEA POEMS

COME take a look in my little green  
book—

Its covers hold the sea;  
The far sea line, the sea-smell fine,  
The sea winds full and free.

The ache of the heart when sails depart,  
Its joy when waves break near;  
The throb of the eye when gulls beat high,  
Ah, more than life is here!

My heart I gave to the heart of the wave—  
Pledged it, and pledged again!  
And still I wait by the sea's grey gate  
Nor count the vigil vain.

Far the quest of the sea's unrest?  
Aye, but the sea is fair.  
And fair the place in its vanishing space  
For those who follow and dare—  
Who love and follow and dare!

## ON THE SOUND

THERE is no song for silence, nor brush to  
show the way  
The white ships move at evening over the  
quiet bay—  
Pale sky and water meeting where the night  
line meets the day.

But see, beyond the headland there drops the  
reddened sun!  
Hark, the report and thunder that trails from  
the sunset gun!  
The day has turned to ashes, with the quest  
of the ships undone.



THE THINGS THAT ARE THE  
CLEAREST

THE things that are the clearest,  
The deepest and the dearest,  
How very like they seem to me, and yet how  
far apart!

A deep red rose at morning,  
A planet before dawning,  
And the deep, deep eyes of her who is the  
mistress of my heart.

The rose there, swimming, burning,  
In depths beyond discerning,  
And clarity as fathomless and starry as the  
skies,  
Is as far from our unfolding  
In the secret it is holding  
As the unplumbed light of planets or the won-  
der of her eyes.

## VOICES—A CYCLE

### I

**H**EART of the hills, your echoes fall  
So clear upon my dreams,  
I wake and follow to the call  
Along the woods and streams;  
Finding the dear forgotten ways,  
Missing the dear remembered days.

### II

Voice of the sea, your solace rings  
A diapason low  
Through all the clear and broken strings—  
Through songs that live or go—  
To sleep! Without a dream at all  
On which a memory may fall!

### III

Spirit of sky, in you the hill  
 Loses its dimmest dream.  
 The ocean's somnolence and chill  
 Quicken beneath your gleam.  
 While Memory turns to Hope, the sea  
 Stirs in its sleep with Memory.

## “SHUT-IN” CREEK

THE shadows lie across the dusty road.  
Oh, Unforgotten One, do you remember  
How clear and beautiful the shadows were  
Upon that first September?

The day on horseback at the mountain ford—  
I see the horses in the rocky stream;  
I hear their ringing hoofs, plangent and clear,  
And buried, like a dream.

Farther a little brook ran brilliant by,  
And some one murmured of the “golden  
sands.”

We drew rein silently, the while “the glass  
Turned” in the “glowing hands.”

At last the sudden twilight, when we wheeled  
And, wordless, went along the dimning way—  
Ah, Unforgotten, just to know that you  
Are living in that day!

## A SUNSET

**M**Y love stood at the window, a red rose  
at her breast;  
The red light of the setting sun poured on her  
from the west;  
Of all the sunlight touched that hour, it  
matched the rose the best.

The rose was red and amber; the sunlight red  
and gold.  
(Who would have thought such dusky hair  
such yellow lights could hold?)  
Her eyes surrendered to the sun, because the  
sun was bold.

Oh, rose, a ruby chalice brimming with amber  
wine—  
A golden goblet redder filled than red drops  
of the vine!  
Oh, crimson cup of Love, Life's hand one  
moment pressed to mine!















